

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws—Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—The Constitution and its Currency.

VOL. V.—NO. 7.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 215.

POETRY.

Choice passages from Byron.

There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting to be which hath been.
Hath taught us naught or little: still we lean
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air;
For 'tis our nature strikes us down; the beauteous
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order—they must go
Even where their driver goes, though to
slaughter.
Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return?
A heritage of servitude and woes.
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
What! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
And deem this proof of loyalty the real?
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
All that your sires have left you, all that Time
Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
Spring from a different theme!—Ye see and read,
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,
And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
By the down thundering of the prison-wall,
And thirst to swallow the sweet water tender'd,
Gushing from Freedom's fountains—when the
crowd,
Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
And trample on each other to obtain
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they
plough'd!
The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
'T was not for them, their necks were too much
bow'd,
And their dead palates chaw'd the end of pain!—
Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
Those momentary stars from Nature's laws,
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth
Cities and generations—fair, when free!
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestir'd alone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkle of our ashes. One great crime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd—A heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land.
And proud must bow them to a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science!
Still one great crime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brothers that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have
bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood—Still, still, for
ever

Better, though each man's life blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering—better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!

MISCELLANY.

A Tale of Training.

Or a Chapter of the Adventures of the Massachusetts Militia.

Nobody up and down the country was equal to Josh Beapole, of Rye. He grew up faster than a hop-vine or a string-bean.—He was a man before he knew it, and being told of it, gave himself such airs that he was thought quite the thing by all the girls ten miles round. He was an absolute dandy, it such a thing could be, among the woods.—He was the foremost in all husking-parties, quiltings, house warnings sleigh-rides, and scrapes of all colors, wore an eel-skin queue and a ruffled shirt on Sundays, and so by hook and by crook got into such favor with the feminine gender, that he might almost have taken his pick out of the whole town. There was not one who would have said no to such a gallant, gay Lothario as our Josh, except one, but as the devil would have it, she happened to be the very one Josh wanted to get.

There is no accounting for the whims of a woman, so we shall not attempt to assign the cause why Nancy Crabtree turned up her nose at Josh Beapole. Certain it is that Josh stuck to her like a burr, without any effect. She carried her head high, looked askew, and gave Josh the go-by whenever he attempted to be familiar.

Some thought that she looked upon Josh with all his accomplishments to be no great shakes. Others thought she had set her cap for the parson of the parish. There might have been some truth in this last supposition, for when the parson to her great surprise, married the widow Sty, Nancy began to relent, and Josh began to see a change and found himself getting in to favor. He laid siege to her heart with redoubled ardor, and the whole town at last thought it would be a match. Still she was now and then a little offish, and Josh was sharp sighted enough to see that he must cast about for some uncommon expedient to push his suit.—“The girls,” thought he, “are fond of titles and show and parade—Nancy would have snapped up with the parson to a dead certainty—now if I can get to be a captain of the militia, I shall come off conqueror. If she

turns up her nose at me then, the devil is in her.”

So Josh set about intriguing for the office, and as the actual incumbent had been for several years somewhat cramped with the rheumatism, and unable to march faster than common time, or carry his body nearer to a perpendicular than forty-five degrees, people began to think he had served his country long enough. Without much difficulty he was prevailed upon to resign. Josh set himself up for a candidate for the office, and having opened a grocery store, came in by an unanimous vote, for it is a standing maxim in the country, that the best man in the world for a militia captain is a grocer or a tavern keeper. Now was Josh near the completion of his wishes. A Captain! who could resist a captain! But little did he think that the very stick which he took up to help him over the ditch would itself knock him into the mud! However; let us not anticipate the catastrophe of the story.

In order to begin the campaign with uncommon splendor, Josh determined upon a sham fight; there is nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of military glory; nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of fun and frolic up and down the country. It was immediately noised abroad, and great preparations were made in all quarters for witnessing the grand show to be made by the Rye company and their new captain. Josh had bespoken a bran new uniform of blue, turned out with yellow lances, and it was thought would cut such a dash, and make such a flaming appearance as to steal the heart of every girl who was made of penetrable stuff. Josh was not a whit behind anybody in the confidence of his hopes. “By the hokey!” said he, as he looked at himself in his regimentals, “if this don't take the sunshin' out of her eyes, she's harder than hickory.”

At last the long expected day came; and what a flocking, and crowding, and bustling there was, the like had not been known in those parts “within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.” Such throngs of jolly damsels and old grannies; such crowds of every age, sex and condition; such a rattling of chaises, and carts, and wagons; such an array of booths and tents, and extempore retailing shops; such a show of gingerbread, sugar plums and molasses candy! There was no end to the wonders and the novelties which this grand occasion brought into display.—Josh marched his company up and down with great *clat* and though they did not display a perfect regularity of uniform, and were unable exactly to keep time in marching, yet they were pronounced to have an uncommonly martial appearance.

According to the plan previously drawn up, the sham fight was to represent the capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, and a sprightly pigstye on the side of a hill was fixed upon to be the scene of the conflict. The wooden walls of this formidable dwelling were accordingly cleared of the swinish multitude, and by the help of a few plank and rafters metamorphosed into the fortifications of Yorktown. Josh placed half of his company under Lieutenant Shute in the pigstye, to act as the British army under Lord Cornwallis, while he himself in the character of General Washington took the command of the besieging army. The whole plan of the attack, defence and surrender, was as follows:

Lord Cornwallis was to open the campaign by detaching half a platoon of his forces under Corporal Shrubutton to forage in Deacon Style's cabbage garden. These, on being attacked by General Washington's advance guard, who were to form a corps of observation at the Hole in the Wall, were to retreat across Dobson's Folly and Mud lane till they reached Turkey Cock's Vengeance, where they were to make a stand and receive a reinforcement from Yorktown; whereupon, the American advance guard were to commence a retreat, and be hotly pursued by the British across Pig's Run and Long Twisted Boggerly till they reached Dog's Misery, where the main army, under General Washington in person, was to be stationed. Here Corporal Shrubutton was to receive a check and draw off his forces, leaving behind all his baggage, consisting of two knapsacks of bread and cheese. The whole American army was then to take up the line of march and proceed in three columns through Widow McQuirk's cow pasture and Shunk Sih's orchard, till they arrived at Deacon Style's cabbage garden, where they were to debouch and prepare for the grand attack. The assault was to be made by the main body, under General Washington, while a detachment of five men, under Sergeant Doolittle, were to manoeuvre upon the enemy's flank and storm his outworks, consisting of a couple of haycocks. Hereupon the enemy was to beat a parley, and Lord Cornwallis was to dispatch a flag of truce to General Washington to treat of a surrender, but the two generals not agreeing about the terms, the action was to be renewed, and a sharp firing was to be kept up as long as the ammunition held out. At this time, finding the fortune of the day going against him, General Washington was to put himself at the head of the troops and lead them on at the point of the bayonet. The detachment above mentioned having possessed themselves of the enemy's haycock outworks, and a ravelin and half moon made by a pile of logs, were to pour in a galling fire and enfilade the whole tennaille of the enemy's works.—Taking advantage of this, General Washington was to enter the intrenchments sword in hand, when the enemy was to hoist a white

flag, and the surrender of the pigstye was to follow.

Certainly Josh Beapole's general orders were drawn up as well as any of Bonaparte's bulletins. The plan of the campaign was excellent, and not a man on the ground but would have betted ten to one that Josh and his army would carry the pigstye, but by the strangest chance in the world it turned out that Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers, but Algiers took him.

The rival armies took their stations, and the battle began. Immense crowds flocked around the scene of action, all wrapt in wonder and breathless with curiosity to view the great spectacle of the capture of Yorktown. All eyes were turned upon General Washington, the hero of this eventful day. Josh did really cut a most gallant figure at the head of the American army on this occasion. His dazzling regimentals with their show of brass buttons and yellow baize shone out among the general officers of the staff, like the meridian sun among the stars. His enormous cheapeau surmounted with a bunch of cocker feathers a yard in height, caused him to loom up from the rank and file of the army like one of Don Quixote's giants, while his legs being incased in a monstrous pair of new cow-hide boots that came a foot and a half above his knees, imparted a most imposing military stiffness to his gait.—“General Washington! General Washington!” exclaimed every tongue, and every one agreed that

—Take him for all in all
They ne'er should look upon his like again.

The old men gaped and wondered, the old women did the same, the boys shouted and marvel'd, the girls looked on, stared and admired. Josh Beapole never appeared so irresistible before; Nance was absolutely delighted, and every body thought she was positive done for.

The first part of the plan of operation succeeded to admiration. The American scouts discovered the British just in the nick of time, and fell upon them at the moment when they were about to make a terrible havoc among Deacon Style's cabbages. The retreat was ably managed and the marching and countermarching executed without any other mishap than the loss of a corporal and two privates who got stuck in the mud at Long Twisted Boggerly; and a little, pursy, ducklegged drummer who fell into Peg's Run and was taken up for tipsy. The grand attack commenced, the outworks were carried by assault. The American army pressed forward, General Washington flourished his sword and exclaimed “On! on! my brave boys.” Lord Cornwallis mounted the ramparts of the citadel and thundered defiance at the assailants. Bang! bang! went the guns.—Huzza! huzza! shouted the spectators. The musketry roared again, the drums beat a terrible *generale*, the sky was rent with shouts and shrouded in smoke.—Sure never did pigstye present a scene so sublime before.

But just at this moment all the spectators were struck with surprise at observing an uncommon appearance in Yorktown. The firing suddenly ceased and the whole garrison fell instantly into a most singular confusion; presently Lord Cornwallis came tumbling over the walls of the pigstye with his whole staff at his heels, and the rank and file of the garrison after them hurly-burly, pell mell, scampering off like mad. Every body stared and was struck with astonishment. But we must go back for a moment to explain the cause of this.

This same pigstye, as we said before, was cleared of its tenants a day or two previous, and the pigs shut up in another enclosure. It so happened that an obstinate, surly old sow, not liking her new quarters, contrived to get loose early on the morning of the battle. After rooting about the fields and stuffing herself with a monstrous meal, she trudged instinctively back to her old dwelling where she got in unobserved while every body was absent at dinner. There she snuggled away in a dark corner and fell fast asleep.

But the roaring of the musketry and the rolling of the drums and shouting of the multitude and the tramping up and down of Lord Cornwallis and his soldiers upon the citadel at Yorktown, at length aroused the snoring animal, and she opened her eyes with a most significant grunt, wondering what could keep this dreadful pother o'er her head. Getting up and poking her snout in the open air, she found her peaceful domicile filled with men of war making such a racket and tantarra as were enough to drive any hog in the universe crazy.

No hog could be more hoggish than the one of which we speak. She was as cross-grained, snappish and malicious a piece of pork as the country for ten miles round could show; and more than that she was of about four hundred pounds weight. In an instant, she sprang among the enemy, and knocked down a platoon of them before any one was aware of the new assailant. The next instant she butted an *aide de camp* out at the sally port, and gave Lord Cornwallis a grip in the rear at the slack of his pantaloons, which ruined that portion of his regimentals forever and aye. His Lordship sprang over the walls in a jiffy without waiting for his *suite*, and the whole garrison was put to the rout in the twinkling of an eye. Some threw themselves over the ramparts, others climbed upon the bastion, others scuttled off to the half moon; the fierce animal meanwhile rooted hither and thither among them, knocking down, and biting, and scratching

and kicking at a most terrible rate. Those who could not get out in season were obliged to turn upon the assailant by beating her with the butt ends of their muskets.—Dire was the confusion! The soldiers beheld the porker and the porker hummelled the soldiers, bit their legs, tumbled them down and trampled them under foot. Chaos was come again! The soldiers roared and shouted—the old sow squealed in triumph—the walls of the pigstye trembled with the clamour—the bastions came tumbling down—the citadel shook to its foundations, kicks, cuffs, thwacks, bangs, blows, pokes, hits, fore-strokes and back-strokes prevailed; shouting, screaming, yelling and grunting filled the air! The walls tumbled down, and the old sow came scampering down the hill at a gallop after the routed army!

This happened at the very instant in which General Washington had put himself at the head of the army to lead on the attack. He was flourishing his sword in a most fierce and martial attitude, when the furious animal took him between the legs and carried him off at a full gallop. His new cowhide boots so stiffened him at the knees that he was kept astride of the animal's back without the power to throw himself off. Away went General Washington extemporaneously mounted without saddle or bridle, with his head to the rear, and grasping the tail of his steed with as tight a grip as his muscles could exert. In an instant he broke through the centre of his own line, put the *corps d'reserve* to the rout, and in ten seconds was among the thickest of the throng of spectators, knocking down all before him, frightening the females out of their wits, breaking horses loose, overturning carts and tables loaded with apples, nuts, cakes, bottles, decanters and glasses, and making such devastation as never had been witnessed since time was. The multitude scrambled to save themselves and pushed one another down in the attempt. The whole field was in a hurly-burly. Josh and his steed galloped off and have not been heard of since.—Nance was married last week to corporal Spinbutter, who is now captain. He has just arrived in Boston as a member of the General Court, and was seen at a milliner's in Washington street yesterday cheapening a new bonnet.

LEARN A TRADE.—How often do we hear a middle aged man say, “I wish I had learned a trade.” Why do they express the wish? Because they see the mechanics obtain good livings and prosper around them. Just look around your own neighborhood. Who are suffering the least from poverty? Mechanics. Is not your wealthiest neighbor a mechanic? Yet strange to say, many young men will not learn trades—they wish for more respectable business. They don't wish to gash their hands by edged tools, or lay bare their skins by machinery. Nay more if they go to trades, they will soil their hands, brown their skins and be obliged to wear coarse clothing. And some parents are unwise enough to permit their sons to live as they please and continually run themselves into debt. How frequently do too indulgent parents say, my boy is too weakly to work at a trade. The fact is a little daily labor would help such a body materially. This hatred of a hand saw, a sledge hammer, a printing press, or a last, is not the thing. Unless more boys are put to trades, or on farms, in a few years, every city, town and village in the Union will be crowded with ruffled shirted and starched up clerks, doctors, lawyers, ministers and purpers. Now, in all conscience, we have too many by one half such characters, who are sucking the life-blood from the community.

A nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office in which at the same time was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, “Mr.—your office is as hot as an oven.” “So it should be, my lord,” replied the lawyer, “as it is here I make my bread.”

A musical lady having exerted her powers for the amusement of the company to the highest satisfaction of all, received the following ambiguous compliment, from a gentleman present. “Your singing, Miss, makes you appear a delicious screecher,” (a delicious creature.)

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man—without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

PETRIFICATION.—It is said that in Iowa the petrifying power of the soil is most remarkable. The body of a woman, after having been buried five years, is found to have changed to stone, so as to be broken like marble. Birds, insects, and many other strange things are found to have petrified in the same region.

“Here boys, I have four apples to divide between three of us, so there are two for you two, and two for me too.”

The Oregon Territory.

Continuation of the extracts from Dr. Duncan's Speech.
But, sir, if additional title be necessary, we have it. We have a title by purchase.—I have briefly traced up the Spanish discoveries of the Pacific coast, and have shown what the whole history of the matter shows—that is, if any nation on earth had a higher claim to the whole line of the Pacific, to the Russian dominions, than the Americans, it was the Spaniards; and we purchased all the right, title, and interest, which Spain and France possessed, from the 42d degree of north latitude as far north on the Pacific as the Russian boundaries. These purchases were called “the Florida and the Louisiana purchases.” The boundaries of all the possessions of France and Spain in North America were fixed and settled before these purchases were made, by conventions and treaties between Spain and Great Britain, France and Great Britain, France and Spain, Spain and the United States, and France and the United States; in conformity with those settlements, the purchases of Louisiana and Florida were made, and the boundaries fixed and secured to the United States, and by which the United States acquired all title, I repeat, to whatever Spain or France or either of them, possessed, either by purchase, exchange, or discovery, to any and all the country embraced within the Oregon Territory. Once for all, we own by purchase whatever Spain owned of Oregon. Spain's right, by discovery, was superior to that of Great Britain, and our title is superior to both, and indisputable.

Did we take possession of and occupy Oregon within the time prescribed by the laws of nations? In May, 1792, Gray entered the Columbia river. In 1802, Thomas Jefferson called the attention of the American Congress to the exploration of the Oregon Territory, and appropriations were made for the purpose; and in 1803, an expedition was ordered, under the direction of Lewis and Clark. The plan was to ascend the Missouri river, from its mouth to its source in the Rocky mountains; cross the mountains, and descend the Columbia river, from its main source to the Pacific ocean. All this was accomplished with unexampled difficulty and danger. The expedition quartered near the mouth of the Columbia river during the winter. During their stay they traded with the natives; and at their departure they gave certificates of their visit and of their exploration, stating that they were sent out by their government, the government to which they belonged, and such other statements as were necessary to convince all others who might come after them of the object of the expedition. They also placed a paper on the inner wall of their temporary fort, with the following inscription, viz:

“The object of this last is, that through the medium of some civilized person, who may see the same, it may be made known to the world that the party, consisting of the persons whose names are hereunto annexed, and who were sent out by the government of the United States to explore the interior of the continent of North America, did penetrate the same by the way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, to the discharge of the latter into the Pacific ocean, where they arrived on the 14th day of November, 1805, and departed on the 23d day of March, 1806, on their return to the United States, on the same route by which they had come out.”

Then sir, we discovered Oregon in May, 1792; we explored and occupied it in 1805—’3.

In 1808, there was an association formed at St. Louis, headed by a man by the name of Manuel Lisa, (a Spaniard,) called the Missouri Fur Company. This company established some trading posts on the Upper Missouri, and one on the head waters of the Columbia, one of the main branches of the Columbia, called Lewis's river, and which is also called the southern branch of the Columbia; but the hostility of the Indians, and the great difficulty of procuring provisions, compelled the company to abandon that post.

In 1810, John Jacob Astor, a distinguished and wealthy citizen of New York, formed an association for the purposes of trade and commerce within to, and from the Territory of Oregon. All the necessary preparations were made for an extensive and successful business. His company, officers and agents were sent to, and landed in, Oregon, near the mouth of the Columbia river. A number of posts were established, and temporary fortifications erected, and all in a fair way to be successful. The principal post was located near the mouth of the Columbia river, and was called Astoria. The association continued its pursuits for two years and a half—that is, from March, 1811, until October, 1813; at which time the association was broken up, and all the materials and stock of furs, &c., were sold to the Northwest company, as was said, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British cruisers which were daily expected.

They were not disappointed in their apprehension; for in December following, the *Raccoon*, a British sloop-of-war, arrived at Astoria and took possession: took down the American flag and hoisted the English flag, and changed the name to that of Fort George. And that was the first possession that the British had of the Columbia river or any part of Oregon which could conflict with our discovery or possession; and that possession was but short lived, for, after the establishment of peace, the possession of Astoria, together with all our possessions in Oregon, were restored to the United States through our agent, J. B. Provost, as follows:—
“In obedience to the commands of his Royal